

**Grand Master**  
Ruth Luff (Luffly)

**Joint Masters**  
Dave Sykes (Scrotey)

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

**Scribe Master**  
Mick Peach (Bumsen Burner)

**Hasherdabber**  
Jack Southward (Penny Farting)

**Hash Horn**  
Lee Renshaw (Hornblower)



**Chamber Pots**  
Steve Darbyshire (Do Do)

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

**On Sec**  
Jane Colwill (Plain Jane)

**Hash Cash**  
John McGurk (Nipple Deep)

**Hare Master**  
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

**Hash Flash**  
Ollie Luff (Dingleberry)

**Cross Dresser**  
Stirling Way (Spike)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville

**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

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**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk

**Next Run No: 1659**

**Date: 14/05/12**

**Start: Sharpitor Car Park**

**On Down: Burrator Inn, Dousland**

**Hares: Penny Farting**

**Scribe: Von Trapp**

Dogcatcher and the Enigma code or was it variations?

Confusion abounded before the start with much ado, tyre squeals and skidding on the gradient towards Kitt Hill; 'poor crutch control' according to Nipple Deep and more alarmingly, the beer, or absence of it. Gnasher added to this by periodically pointing at Tampax and shouting 'Chicken'.

Well Dogcatcher gained our attention by gesticulating.....No Glanni.....gesticulating; and with references to codes, 'Magical Mystery Tours' and various movies inspired by narcotics??? It was rapidly verging towards a negative reality inversion at this point. Being a former Morse coding Nato Potato he did seem pretty convincing though.

Was there indeed a cunning code to decipher from the blobs set before us?...Never found out as Hot Rocks seem to be on to it promptly with a good following of those who had given up thinking too deeply. Those absent on Monday, please Google: Monty Python Silly Olympics; '100 yards for people with no sense of direction' and imagine the Hash doing likewise.

However, a surprisingly un-soggy terrain soon followed, especially after the recent monsoon. Dogcatcher was to be heard issuing words of encouragement; 'if they stand still, shoot em'!

Another enigma or diversion was soon revealed in the Kelly Bray industrial estate so it was back up the hill, down the hill, up the hill, through the scrub and up somewhere.

Scrotum performed splendidly organising Gannet at the checks and sending her off to scout ahead; apparently complaining of the lurgi all the way round but recovering sufficiently for a sprint finish. Is he like this at home?

Glanni, popped up at the front with 'Ground Hog Day' consistency and not wishing to be out done by Scrotum came in with a last minute self-diagnosis of ailments, pulled muscles etcetera and a fair attempt at a sprint finish.

All in all a pleasant and surprisingly mud free hash.

On Home where beer did await and Gnasher, on a bum slapping mission. Slap had been singled out but fortunately for all, covered up in time. More on bums later! He also came up with the best dodge for avoiding a scribe: 'sorry off to the Reunion Isle for 3 weeks'. Google Earth has been extensively searched to reveal it cannot be found in the Indian Ocean as claimed. Spike has confirmed it is, in fact, a pub for cross dressers on the Isle of Dogs.

On down at the Rising Sun that provided: Tribute..aahhhh, a pint of please, curry, music and a Lady in Red, of sorts. The hairy chest and elsewhere were a give-away, though. The most profound appraisal of the hash went to Biff; 'oh fart'.

Artex successfully dodged the hash by claiming he'd lost the top of his finger. Did anyone check?

Windy and Racey confirmed their intentions to cycle to John O'Groats and were both fascinated by Luffy receiving sacral dressings for her gig induced butt trauma. An application demonstration did require Luffy's checks having to be parted, still quite firm! Or was it the tight jeans? However, she was basically happy and said she would be pleased to receive more. Windy never did reveal the truth behind Racey's ever changing hair colour.. top or bottom....never did find out.

The Congregation will now stand for Hash hymn No 69  
To the tune of.....??????



GM:

There are joggers in the world.  
There are canoeists.  
There are hikers and morons, and then  
There are those that follow marathons, but  
I've never been one of them.

I'm an Alcoholic  
And have been since the day I was born,  
And the one thing they say about alcoholics is:  
They'll drink until the Krakow Dawn.

You don't have to be a Linford Christie.  
You don't need to have the lunch box fame.  
You don't have to have women's clothes on. You're  
A Hasher the moment Dad came.

Because

Every Hash is sacred  
Every Hash is great  
If the dust gets wasted  
God gets quite irate.

Tamar Valley Hash House Harriers



ALL:  
Every Hash is sacred.  
Every Hash is great.  
If the dust is wasted,  
God gets quite irate.

CROSS DRESSER:  
Let the Hares spill theirs  
On the rocky ground.  
God shall make them pay for  
Each check that can't be found.

ALL:  
Every Hash is wanted.  
Every Hash is good.  
Every Hash is needed  
In your neighbourhood.

PLAIN JANE:  
Hobo, Tosh, Mayhem  
Spill their flour anywhere,  
But God loves those who treat their  
Sawdust with more care.

STURMEROID:  
Every Hash is sacred.  
Every Hash is great.

UNDERLAY:  
If the dust is wasted,

ALL:  
God gets quite irate.

VICAR OF DRIBLEY:  
Every Hash is sacred  
PONEY and VON TRAPP:  
Every Hash is good.  
MINNIE:  
Every Hash is needed  
CARDINALS/BIGGLES:  
In your neighbourhood!

Stop Press.....Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> May

Luffly's plant sale and coffee morning in aid of Macmillan Nurses who support people with cancer and their families.

Time: 10:30 to 12:30am

Venue: 13/14 Wheal Maria (near Chip Shop pub)

There will be (fair-trade coffee and tea) and cakes. Would welcome donations of home-made cakes (WI will do!), jams and chutneys to sell.

Questions or comments please ring Luffly (01822 834106) or Helen (01822 834260).

ALL:  
Every Hash is useful.  
Every Hash is fine  
God sees everybody's  
HORN BLOWER:  
Mine!  
PENNY FARTING  
Mine!  
WHINGE:  
And mine!

VIRGIN MARY:  
Let the Pagan spill theirs  
O'er mountain, hill and plain.  
God shall strike them down for  
Each spec that's spilt in vain.

ALL:  
Every Hash is sacred  
Every Hash is good  
Every Hash is needed  
In your neighbourhood.

Every Hash is sacred.  
Every Hash is great.  
If the dust is wasted,  
God gets quite iraaaaaate.